

ACTION PACKED STORIES™

GABBY HAYES

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AUTHORITY

№ 59

GABBY HAYES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





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Alfred P. Feg

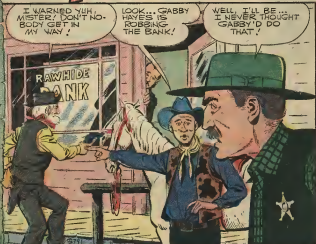
GABBY HAYES in 'DOUBLE IDENTITY!'

RAWHIDE EXPECTED ALMOST ANYTHING FROM GABBY HAYES... EXCEPT THE SIGHT OF THE GRIZZLED OLD-TIMER COMMITTING BANK ROBBERY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... EVEN THE SHERIFF SAW THE BEARDED ROBBER ON HIS FAMILIAR WHITE HORSE!

I WARNED YUH, MISTER! DON'T NO-BODY GET IN MY WAY!

LOOK... GABBY HAYES IS ROBBING THE BANK!

WELL, I'LL BE... I NEVER THOUGHT GABBY'D DO THAT!



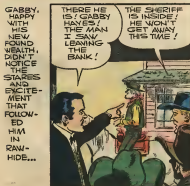
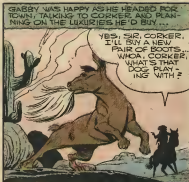
MEANWHILE -- MILES OUT IN THE DESERT, NEAR NEW GOLD DIGGINGS...

SO YUH STRUCK PAY DIRT! IS THE CLAIM VERY BIG?

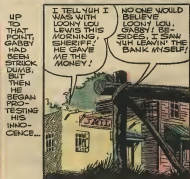
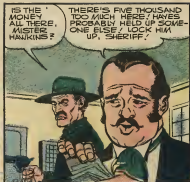
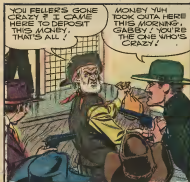
BIG ENOUGH TO SELL FOR PLENTY OF MONEY! THEY PAID ME IN CASH, GABBY, AND HALF OF IT IS YOURS FOR GRUBSTAKIN' ME!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



"YOU CAN'T COME HERE OUTSIDE VISITING HOURS! THE SHERIFF INSTRUCTED ME TO KEEP EVERYONE AWAY!"

GIDDYAP, CORKER!



GET THIS BEAST AWAY, GABBY!

RELAX, MR. BODKINS! I'LL COME OUT AN' TURN YUH LOOSE!



WITH THE GUN, GETTING OUT WAS EASY! A FEW LOUD GROANS AND...

WHAT ARE YOU BELLERIN' ABOUT? I THOUGHT... WHERE'D YOU GET THAT GUN?

I'M NOT A STOOL PIGEON! JUST GET IN, SHERIFF!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY, GABBY! WE'LL GET YOU!

NO, YOU WON'T! I'LL HAND YOU THE REAL HOLD-UP MAN!



TELL THE SHERIFF I FIGURED OUT HOW THE HOLD-UP WAS PULLED! I'LL BE BACK WITH THE GUILTY PARTY!

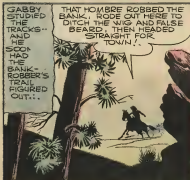
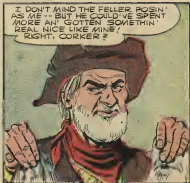
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO! JUST GET THAT MAN-EATING MONSTER AWAY FROM HERE!



GABBY HAYES LEFT RAWHIDE A WANTED MAN -- BUT HE KNEW HE HAD THE ANSWER TO THE CRIME ...

WHOA, CORKER! HERE'S WHERE I SAW THAT SCALP!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

USING
THE
SAME
PAINT
THAT
THE
OWNER
HAD
LEFT
IN THE
CORNER
OF THE
STALL,
GABBY
WENT
TO
WORK...

DOGGONE IT, YUH COULD
ALMOST FOOL ME, HORSE!
YUH LOOK MORE LIKE
CORKER THAN CORKER
DOES! NOW TUH
FIND HONEST JOHN!



... BUT HONEST JOHN SAVED HIM THE
TROUBLE ... FOR AT THAT MOMENT ...

IT WORKED PERFECT!
BUT I MADE A MISTAKE
NOT GETTIN' RID OF
THE PAINT! I'LL
FIX THAT RIGHT
NOW!



AFTER I GET RID
OF THE P... MY
HORSE IS GONE!
THIS WHITE ONE
MUST BE
CORKER!

IT'S STILL THE
SAME ONE,
HONEST JOHN!
WITH ANOTHER
COAT OF PAINT!



LISTEN, HAYES. I'LL
GIVE YOU A BREAK!
GET ON CORKER
AND RIDE! I...
WHAT'S THAT?

JUST A WIG AN'
BEARD LIKE
MINE! PUT 'EM
ON 'FORE I GET
RIED UP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...
LOOK, THERE'S GABBY
HAYES, TWICE!

CALL THE
SHERIFF!
OR THE
DOCTOR!
I'M SEEN'
DOUBLE!



THAT ONE
IS THE REAL
GABBY!

NO, SIR! THE ONE ON
THE FAR RIGHT IS
GABBY HAYES!



GABBY HAYES

THE SHERIFF HEARD THE COMMOTION AND CAME ON THE RUN. HE STUDIED BOTH OF THEM AND...

YUH CAN'T FOOL ME, GABBY! GET OFF THAT HORSE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

I KNEW YOU'D SPOT THE GENUINE ARTICLE, SHERIFF! I'LL GO SHED THIS WIG AN' REARD AN' BE RIGHT BACK!



DON'T LET HAYES FOOL YUH! I'M ME -- HONEST JOHN SMITH!

HORNSWAGGLED! AFTER GABBY MEN!



WITH ONLY A MINUTE TO SPARE, GABBY WORKED FAST WHEN HE ARRIVED AT HONEST JOHN'S PLACE...

FOUND IT! I FIGURED THE STOVE WOULD BE THE PLACE WHEN IT 'T WASN'T BURNIN'!

PUT 'EM UP, MISTER! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S GABBY HAYES ANY MORE!



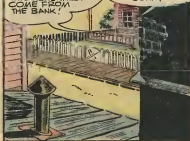
BUT THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TUH FIND OUT!

YEEEOOOO! LEGGO, YUH BURNED IDJIT!



THE PAINT HE USED ON THE HORSE IS STILL IN THE STALL! YUH ALREADY TOOK MY MONEY, SO THIS HERE MUST COME FROM THE BANK!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I WAS WRONG, GABBY! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, HONEST JOHN!



LATER... I'M GABBY HAYES! I WANT TO PUT THIS MONEY AWAY... YEEEOO/W!

WE REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION! ALL RIGHT, MR. HAYES. THE BEARD IS YOURS!



END

GABBY HAYES

GABBY HAYES 'AND CORKER

IN THE CIRCUS'

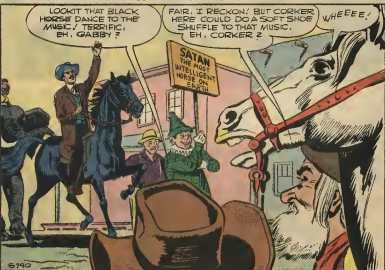
ALL THE KIDS -- YOUNG AND OLD -- TURNED OUT WHEN THE CIRCUS ARRIVED IN RANWIDE. GABBY HAYES, JUST A GREYBEARDED KID AT HEART -- WAS THERE WITH THE REST OF THEM. CORKER WAS INCLINED TO BE A LITTLE ON THE SNOBBISH SIDE, THOUGH...

LOOKIT THAT BLACK HORSE DANCE TO THE MUSIC. TERRIFIC, EH, GABBY?

FAIR, I RECKON! BUT CORKER HERE COULD DO A SOFT SHOE SHUFFLE TO THAT MUSIC, EH, CORKER?

WHEEE!

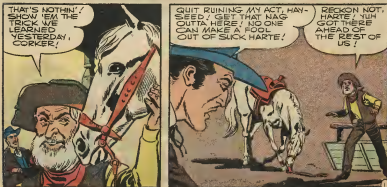
SATAN
THE MOST
INTELLIGENT
HORSE ON
EARTH



THAT'S NOTHIN'! SHOW 'EM THE TRICK WE LEARNED YESTERDAY, CORKER!

QUIT RUINING MY ACT, HAY-SEED! GET THAT NAG OUTTA HERE! NO ONE CAN MAKE A FOOL OUT OF SLICK HARTE!

RECKON NOT, HARTE! YUH GOT THERE AHEAD OF THE REST OF US!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE WENT FOR THE COMING CONTEST IN A BIG WAY...

THAT CIRCUS HORSE IS BOUND TO BEAT CORKER!

I'LL BET MY SADDLE HE WON'T! ONCE GABBY SENT CORKER FOR A PAPER AN' HE WOULDN'T TAKE THE LAST ONE CAUSE IT WAS YESTIDDY'S EDITION!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM, EH CORKER? THE SHOW'S GONNA START IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'RE ON FIRST!

THE BIG TOP WAS FILLED AND THE SHOW WAS ON! THE ANNOUNCER STEPPED FORWARD AND...

INTRODUCING THE LOCAL CHAMPION, THE WONDER HORSE, CORKER, AND HIS OWNER, GABBY HAYES!

TAKE A BOW, CORKER! THEY'RE APPLAUDIN' YUH!

NOW SHOW THE FOLKS HOW YUH PLAY DEAD, CORKER!

CORKER HELPS ME COUNT MY MONEY, TOO! HOW MUCH IS THREE AN' THREE, CORKER?

THE CROWD LOVED IT AND CORKER SEEMED TO KNOW IT AS HE TOOK A BOW...

LET'S SEE THAT TINHORN TOP THAT! WHERE IS HE, MR. MERRY?

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM BUT HE'S DUE TO GO ON NOW!

TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP

GABBY HAYES

ANOTHER ACT WAS SUBSTITUTED WHILE THEY LOOKED FOR SLICK! HE WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT-- UNTIL GABBY HAYES GOT ONE OF HIS HUNCHES.

I GOT AN IDEA WHERE I MAY FIND HIM! AT THAT WAGON WITH THE BARS ON THE WINDOWS!

HE WOULDN'T BE THERE! THAT'S THE CASHIER'S WAGON!



IF SLICK WASN'T HERE, SOMEONE ELSE WAS-- AN' THE SAFE IS OPEN! RECKON I'D BETTER LOOK!



OKAY, WHISKERS, DROP THAT CANNON! I MEAN BUSINESS!

I RECKON YUH DO, HARTE! I'M NOT ARGUIN'!



I WAS GOING TO BE FIRED AFTER THIS PERFORMANCE--ANYWAY! YOU AN' THAT FOOL HORSE RUINED EVERY-THING!

NOW I'M GETTIN' MAD! DON'T GO INSULTIN' CORKER!



I'LL BAR THE DOOR FROM THE OUTSIDE AND BE A LONG WAY OFF BEFORE ANYONE FINDS OUT THE MONEY IS MISSING!

MEBBE--MEBBE NOT! I RECKON YUH CAN'T GET FAR ENOUGH NO MATTER HOW BIG A LEAD YOU GET!



SLICK HARTE THOUGHT HE WAS IN CLOVER--HE HAD A GOOD HORSE AND PLENTY OF TIME TO GET AWAY...



GABBY HAYES

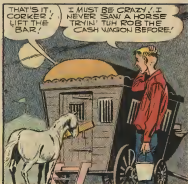
SLICK
KNEW
THAT
MR.
MERRY,
THE
OWNER,
WOULDN'T
GO TO
THE
WAGON
DURING
THE
SHOW...
BUT
PLANS
LIKE
HIS
ALWAYS
GO
ASTRAY...



CORKER, OVER HERE! GET
ME OUT OF THIS CON-
FOUNDED MAN TRAP!

THAT'S IT,
CORKER!
LIFT THE
BAR!

I MUST BE CRAZY, I
NEVER SAW A HORSE
TRYIN' TUH ROB THE
CASH WAGON BEFORE!



HEY, WHAT
WERE YUH
DUN' IN
THAT?

TRYIN' TUH CATCH A ROBBER!
NICE GOIN', CORKER!
NOW LET'S GIT AFTER
THAT CROOK! TELL MR.
MERRY THAT HARTE STOLE
ALL THE MONEY AN' GIT
THE SHERIFF!



COME ON, CORKER! THERE'S
THET SCALLYWAG UP AHEAD!



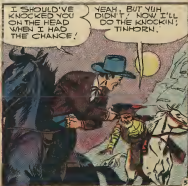
WE'LL NEVER CATCH
SLICK HARTE ON
THAT HORSE HE'S
RIDING!

WE DON'T HAVE
TUH; THAT OLD
COOT AND HIS
HORSE'LL DO IT
FOR US!

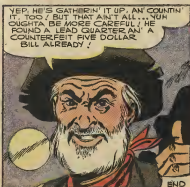
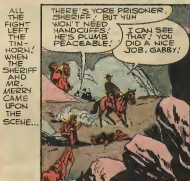
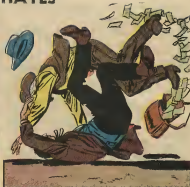


I SHOULD'VE
KNOCKED YOU
ON THE HEAD
WHEN I HAD
THE CHANCE!

YEAH, BUT YUH
DIDN'T, NOW I'LL
DO THE KNOCKIN';
TINHORN.



GABBY HAYES



"COLONEL ULYSSES"

For the past three weeks, the number of wagons on the south side of Independence had been increasing. On Thursday, Ben Davis and five wagons had arrived. On Friday, Jim Hartley and seven more wagons came to swell the number.

"What are we waiting for?" half protested Lou Gambers. "We should start moving before next Tuesday. I don't want to get caught in the winter storms on the plains."

"Not until we are strong enough to fight off any Indian attack do we start," reminded Hank Gibbons who had been elected captain of the wagon train. "You take orders from me and I take them from our scout, Slim Chambers."

The tall thin man who made a living crossing the plains guiding wagon trains smiled. He knew that they would have to move soon before nerves began to crack under the strain. But the smile on his face was caused by the appearance of a small wagon driven by an old man. Next to the wagon was a rider. The horse was a mustang of the prairie, a roan with a chocolate colored stripe down his backbone. He had been a buffalo horse and that meant swiftness. The guide walked slowly to where the rider had stopped. He patted the horse gently on the head. No words passed his mouth. His eyes merely showed recognition that the man for whom he had waited had arrived. Then he walked back to the captain of the wagon train. People were still giving each other advice.

"You got to take at least one extra wheel with you," said Herbert Meadows. "Suppose a wheel breaks down? What do you think you are going to do? Walk into the nearest blacksmith? And get yourself a wagon tongue. Also about thirty feet of good strong rope."

By Monday they were ready to start. Hank Gibbons had ordered a final check of the supplies.

"For every person we must have a hundred twenty-five pounds of flour, fifty pounds of cured ham, fifty pounds of smoked side bacon; thirty pounds of sugar, six pounds of ground coffee, one pound of tea, a pound and a half of cream of tartar, two pounds of soda, three pounds of salt, a bushel of dried fruit, one sixth of a bushel of beans, twenty-five pounds of rice, sixteen and a half pounds of pilot bread, and pepper, ginger, citric acid and tartaric

acid. If we are fortunate, we shall get some fresh buffalo meat. But we must carry all we need with us."

At noon the wagons started moving. The folks started to cheer as they gave vent to their pent up energy. Helen Johnson, who was with her mother and father, in their large wagon noticed the stranger.

"He seems by himself. I figure he has some supplies in that wagon which came with him. Perhaps we ought to invite him to eat with us."

"Why?" challenged the voice of Tom Daniels. Everybody knew he was "sweet" about Helen and wanted to marry her.

"Because one should always be polite and courteous," replied the smiling young lady with flowing corn colored hair. "He does seem a bit lonely."

The invitation came after the third day of travelling. Helen's father asked the stranger to eat with them and he accepted.

"My name is Ulysses," he said and from a coat pocket he pulled out a small book. "My father named me after his favorite hero. I enjoy reading about Ulysses."

After the evening meal, Tom Daniels came over to join the group. He wasn't exactly pleased by the presence of the other man. He noticed the book on a rock and picked it up.

"What kind of language is this?" he asked.

"Ancient Greek," replied the man. "I enjoy reading Ulysses in the original."

Tom Daniels laughed until his sides almost split. Then he handed back the book to the man.

"What's so funny?" demanded Helen.

"I just was thinking how handy a knowledge of Ancient Greek could be in fighting off an Indian attack," was the sarcastic reply.

The next day there was a high wind on the plains. It was impossible to light a fire for cooking food.

"We'll just have to eat our food cold," said Tom Daniels.

"We can make a fire the way the trappers do when there is a high wind," said Ulysses. "If somebody will give me a shovel, I'll show you how it is done."

Lou Gambers gave Ulysses a shovel and the man dug a hole. Then he banked earth around

GABBY HAYES

the side. He put some chips down and lit them. Soon a fire was blazing.

"Simple, when you know how," complimented Ben Davis. But there wasn't any doubt that Tom Daniels felt angry. The incident had sort of "shown him up." And it had given a peculiar kind of respect for the stranger with the name of a greek hero.

A week later the wagon train halted on the east bank of the swift Shonsee River.

"If we go ahead a hundred miles, we can cross in safety," said the scout, Slim Chambers. "The current is swift here. Your wagons may upset. And your goods will get wet."

However the men decided to take a vote on the matter. To most of them it didn't make sense to travel a hundred miles out of the way just to avoid a risk.

"We got all kinds of risks here anyway," said Lou Gambers. "So what difference does one more or less make? I'll take my wagon across first. However, my wife and two children will remain on this side of the bank just in case anything goes wrong."

It was when the wagon was about one third across the stream that the treacherous current showed how powerful it could be. Lou Gambers wagon was pulled by six mules. They balked and turned around. The next result was an overturned wagon.

"You must help him right his wagon," said Helen to Tom Daniels.

"How?" was the one word reply and question.

"By getting our coils of rope," interrupted the voice of Ulysses. "Then attach the ends to about ten axen. They will give us enough pull to lift the wagon back into position."

It worked and Lou Gambers was a most grateful man. He realized that there would be great damage if the rest of the wagon train tried to cross at this spot. Another vote was taken and this time safety was the main consideration. The wagon train headed for the distant crossing point. When it was reached, the stream was shallow, peaceful and easy to cross. Ulysses was spending more and more time at the side of Helen. Her father spoke to her.

"I guess you like him a lot better than Tom Daniels. And so do I. But it seems to me you should know more about him. Who is he? What does he do? He certainly keeps a tight lip."

The mountain range was becoming clearer. It was early on a Tuesday morning that the

scout, Slim Chambers noticed the whirling smoke in the sky.

"Smoke signals," he informed Hank Gibbons. "The redskins know we are here."

"Then we'll fight them," replied the leader of the wagon train. "We'll show them if they want trouble."

"But who says they want trouble?" questioned Ulysses. "All that Slim has said is that the indians know we are here. Leave them alone and they'll leave us alone."

The next day it was decided to make camp for an entire day to take care of necessary repairs to the wagons. Tom Daniels and about five other men rode out from camp. At noon they returned and told what they had done.

"Shot some buffalo," said Tom. "But we couldn't bring the meat back here."

"Then we'll have trouble with the indians," said the scout. "They would resent the wanton shooting of their sources of food, clothing and shelter."

An hour later a large band of indians was observed on the horizon. The wagons were formed into a circle and the live stock placed inside the circle. Suddenly Ulysses mounted his horse and rode out.

"He's running away," shouted Tom Daniels. "Just a coward."

"Shut up, you fool," warned Slim Chambers. "If you use your eyes you will notice he is riding towards the indians."

Ulysses reached the indians. They surrounded him. And from the wagon train came the realization that the indians were going the other way. They vanished from sight. Helen cried bitterly.

"You let him go out there and save us. But you stay here."

"Don't worry," cheered Slim Chambers. "It is a good sign. He'll be back in a day or so. We wait here."

Two days later Ulysses rode into camp. He was accompanied by three indians who gave gifts to Helen.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Gift for my wife to be," was the reply. "I am Colonel John Ulysses on a mission to deliver a treaty to the indians. Their chief is an old friend of mine. I once taught him to say something in Ancient Greek. Very proud of it too."

"Just let me be best man at the wedding," pleaded Tom Daniels. "And then I'll study Ancient Greek."

GABBY HAYES

BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS

WORM, HOW DARE YOU EAT ANOTHER WOMAN'S PIE?

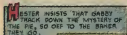
OH, DON'T TAKE AWAY THAT DEE-LISHUS PIE!

A HALF-BAKED HERO

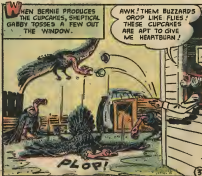
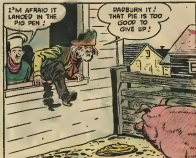
CAUGHT BETWEEN AN ALLURINGLY LUSCIOUS PIE AND THE JEALOUS WRATH OF AUNT HESTER, GABBY'S ON THE SPOT, BUT HE GETS INTO AN EVEN TOUGHER SPOT WHEN HE LEAPS OUT OF A HOT OVEN TO DUEL WITH THE INFAMOUS NIGHT RIDERS AND BECOMES A HALF-BAKED HERO!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

WEDD DAY, THE NIGHT RIDER GANG STRIKES AT THE BAR NOTHING, WHILE MOST OF THE PUNCHERS ARE OUT ON THE RANGE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PLUMB GABBY! ALL THEY TOOK WERE CANDLES AND LAMPS! THERE'S NOT A LIGHT LEFT!

PER-COOL'AR! I RECKON TIPPY AND ME BETTER RIDE INTO WAXY WAYNE'S AND GET SOME CANDLES!



THUS, GABBY WALKS RIGHT INTO THE TRAP SET BY WAXY WAYNE, THE CANDLESTICK MAKER!

HERE, TIPPY! BUY SOME CANDY! YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN OUR--UH-- BUSINESS!



AND NOW, GABBY--I DEMAND VENGEANCE FOR THE NIGHT RIDERS!

OULP!



GABBY, LET'S GET THE MEN TOGETHER!! THAT SIDEWINDER TALKED! WE'RE GETTIN' THE WHOLE GANG!



NOTHING BUT THIS WAX!

NOTHING CAN STOP US!



NOW TO GET YOU TO THE SHERIFF! MAYBE HE CAN GET YOU TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS A LITTLE!

CART 'EM AWAY TO JAIL, BOYS! THE NIGHT RIDERS WON'T BE RIDING FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!

WE HAD THE WEST IN THE PALM OF OUR HAND! HOW DID ONE STUPID OLD PUNCHER BEAT US?



I STILL CAN'T FIGGER WHETHER IT'S LUCK OR BRANS, GABBY-- BUT TUN SHORE COME IN HANDY!

SHERIFF

MURRAY FOR GABBY HAYES!



LATER, BACK AT THE BAR NOTHING...

EAT HEARTY, YOU WONDERFUL MAN! THERE'S NO POISON IN THESE!

FOR ONCE I LOST MY APPETITE, HESTER!



THE END

GABBY HAYES



"HOWDY, FOLKS...THIS-HERE'S THE OLD TIMER WITH A DEATH VALLEY YARN THAT'LL HAVE THE HAIR STANDIN' UP LIKE CACTUS SPINES ON YOUR HEADS! EVER HEAR OF SHERIFF MIKE GARRET? IN HIS HEY DAY, MIKE WAS THE RP ROARIN' EST LAW MAN IN ALL THE WEST!"

The **OLDSTER!**



NO, SREE... NOBODY COULD COMPARE WITH MIKE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG! THAT STAR-TOTER WAS SURE DEATH ON OWL-HOOTS! LIKE THE TIME A PASSEL OF ROAD AGENTS TRIED HOLDIN' UP THE STAGE NEAR SLUDGE CITY...

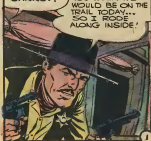
GRAB AIR, DRIVER... AN' TELL THE PASSENGERS TO PILE OUT!



THE PASSENGERS PILED OUT ALL RIGHT--BUT GUESS WHO WAS WITH THEM...

SHERIFF GARRET!

YUP...I RECKONED YOU VARMINTS WOULD BE ON THE TRAIL TODAY... SO I RODE ALONG INSIDE!



GABBY HAYES



AND I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST ANOTHER PASSENGER! BUT WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN EASIER FOR HIM TO COME AFTER THE ROAD AGENTS WITH A POSSE?

NOT FOR SHERIFF GARRET, MA'AM. HE LIKES TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY!



WITH THAT MOUNT OF YOURS, YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE RUNNING HIM DOWN, SHERIFF!

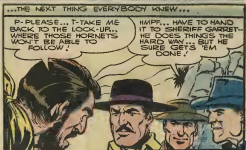
NO NEED TO, WATCH... YOU'LL SEE HOW I MAKE HIM COME RUNNIN' BACK TO ME!



SO, MIKE TOOK CAREFUL AIM, AND SCORED A BULL'S EYE ON A HORNET'S NEST OVER 300 PAGES AWAY...



...AND SINCE THE BADMAN WAS THE NEAREST TWO-LEGGED CRITTER FOR THOSE ANGRY HORNETS TO WORK OVER...



P-PLEASE... T-TAKE ME BACK TO THE LOOK-UP... WHERE THOSE HORNETS WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW!

HMPF... HAVE TO HAND IT TO SHERIFF GARRET- HE DOES THINGS THE HARD WAY... BUT HE SURE GETS 'EM DONE!

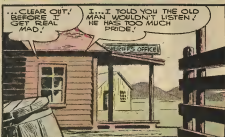
BUT THAT HAD BEEN THE WAY OF THINGS WHEN MIKE WAS YOUNG... AND IN HIS HAY DAY, NOW MIKE WAS AN OLDSTER AN' NOT SO S'RRY AS HE USED TO BE...



SURE HATE TO DO THIS! HE'S BEEN A GOOD SHERIFF!

WE ALL FEEL THE SAME WAY! BUT THE SAFETY OF THE TERRITORY HAS TO COME FIRST!

GABBY HAYES



AFTER THAT, OLD MIKE SAT ALONE IN HIS OFFICE FOR A LONG TIME. THE SUN WENT DOWN... SUPPER TIME CAME AND WENT... BUT HE JUST KEPT SITTING THERE.



IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT NOW...

BUT OLD MIKE WAS STILL AWAKE...



SUDDEN - LIKE A PASSSEL OF HORSEMEN RODE INTO TOWN...



GABBY HAYES

MIKE HAD HIS CHOICE -- TO ROUND UP A POSSE IN THE DARK...OR TO TACKLE THOSE OWLHOOTS BY HIS LONESOME! WHICH DID HE CHOOSE? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T NEED HELP! I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'M TWICE AS GOOD AS ANY YOUNG 'UN!



BUT THEN...

CUMBIN' UP HERE AFTER GOIN' WITHOUT SUPPER HAS (GASP) LEFT ME TOO WEAK... I... I'M FALLING!



YOU CAN SLIDE BACK FROM THE EDGE OF YOUR CHAIRS, FOLKS... THAT SHOOTIN' WAS DONE BY ME AN' MY PAWNEE FRIEND, BIG BEAR! WE'D COME GALLOPIN' INTO TOWN JUST IN TIME TO DRIVE OFF THE OWLHOOTS BEFORE THEY COULD DO THE SHERIFF ANY HARM...

KNEW! THAT WAS CLOSE, MIKE! SURE GLAD THAT...



OLD MAN WALK OFF WITHOUT GIVING THANKS! HU... AND YOU SAY HIM YOUR FRIEND!

IT'S MIKE'S PRIDE THAT TURNS HIM AWAY FROM ME, BIG BEAR! AND THAT SAME PRIDE'S LIKELY TO GET HIM INTO MORE TROUBLE...



GABBY HAYES

LATER... IF NOT FOR SGT. NORTON AN' HIS INJIN SIDEKICK, I'D VEE BEEN A GONER FOR SURE / MAYBE THIS JOB DOES CALL FOR A YOUNGER MAN / WELL, IF I HAVE TO BOW OUT...



...I'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY! I'LL TRAIL THOSE OWLHOOTS TO THEIR HIDEOUT BY MY LONESOME--AN' EITHER PULL THEM IN, OR GO DOWN TRYIN'!



WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT...



WHO SAID MY EYES AREN'T AS KEEN AS THEY USED TO BE? I CAN STILL READ TRACK AS GOOD AS ANY MAN!

HMM...OWLHOOTS' TRAIL IS FRESHENIN'! I'LL BE COMIN' UP ON THEM BY SURPRISE ANY MINUTE...



LOOKIN' FOR SOMEBODY, SHERIFF?



WE SPOTTED YOU COMIN' OVER A HALF HOUR AGO! BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU EVER SINCE!

WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO WITH HIM, BOSS?

CAN'T LET HIM GO FREE, HE'D SPREAD THE WORD!



GABBY HAYES

BUT THOSE OWLHOOTS
HADN'T SPOTTED ME AND
BIG BEAR WHO'D BEEN
TRAILIN' THE SHERIFF! AN...

NO TIME TO ARGUE.
BIG BEAR! WE'RE
GOIN' TO DO
WHAT I SAY!



YOUR PLAN IS
HEAP LOCO...IF
WE NOT
BLOOD
BROTHERS.
I TURN
MY BACK
ON YOU!



THEY'RE
ALL LOOK-
ING THE
OTHER WAY!
FAST! MOUNT
UP...

...AND HOLD TIGHT
TO THAT ROPE!



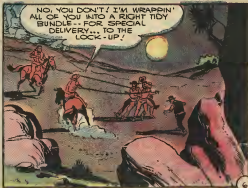
YIPEEE!



BREAK FOR
COVER,
MEN!



NO, YOU DON'T! I'M WRAPPIN'
ALL OF YOU INTO A RIGHT TIDY
BUNDLE-- FOR SPECIAL
DELIVERY... TO THE
LOCK-UP!



GABBY HAYES

BUT THEN...

THEY DIDN'T SEE ME
"SQUEEZE OUT
FROM UNDER..."



LUCKY THERE WAS A FULL MOON THAT
NIGHT...

THAT SHADOW! THERE'S
A MAN BEHIND ME!



...AND...

MISSED! BUT HE'S
COMING SQUARE
AT ME -- I'LL...



I SPURRED MY MOUNT... WHEELED
FAST...



I WAS PLUMB LUCKY AGAIN WHEN HIS
GUN JAMMED...



GABBY HAYES

AN' THEN I MADE SURE HE HAD NO TIME TO GET IT INTO WORKING CONDITION...

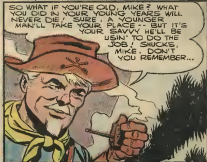


LATER...



YOU TWO DID A FINE JOB... BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG! I'M AN OLDSER WITH CREAKIN' BONES... GOOD FOR NOTHIN' BUT THE SLAG PILE!

SO WHAT IF YOU'RE OLD, MIKE? WHAT YOU DID IN YOUR YOUNG YEARS WILL NEVER DIE! SURE, A YOUNGER MAN'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE - BUT IT'S YOUR SAVVY HE'LL BE USIN' TO DO THE JOB! SHUCKS, MIKE, DON'T YOU REMEMBER...



...PULLIN' IN THE WALTON GANG YEARS BACK? DON'T YOU REMEMBER USIN' THE DOUBLE-MOUNTED CIRCLIN' ROPE TRICK FOR THE FIRST TIME? I WAS COPYIN' YOU TONIGHT, MIKE! WITHOUT YOUR SAVVY, I WOULDN'T'VE KNOWN WHAT TO DO!



I - I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY, SERGEANT! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE OPENED MY EYES, IT'LL BE EASY, TURNIN' IN MY STAR -- KNOWN! THAT THE NEXT SHERIFF WILL BE AS GOOD AS HE IS... BECAUSE I BLAZED THE TRAIL FIRST!



I SEE NOW WHY YOU PULLED ROPE TRICK... INSTEAD OF TAKING BADMEN EASY WAY!

RECKONED YOU WOULD, BLACK BEAR! IT WAS THE FASTEST WAY TO GET MY OLD FRIEND'S PRIDE BACK ON ITS FEET AGAIN! NOW MIKE CAN TURN HIS BADGE IN... AN' REST EASY AFTER-WARDS!



THE END

Whitey Whiskers

THE FISHING FOOL!

(GULP) THE FISH ARE GIVING ME THE RASPBERRIES!

SPIRRZZ!

(SNIFF, SNIFF)
SOMEBODY'S
FRYING FISH!
YUM, YUM, THAT
SHORE SMELLS
GOOD!

IT'S FRISCO FREDDY!
MEBBE I CAN SOFT SOAP
HIM INTO GIVING ME
SOME OF THEM THAR
DELICIOUS-SMELLING
FISH TO EAT!

HOWDY, FRISCO, OLD PAL!
IT'S SHORE GOOD TO SEE
MUH BEST FRIEND AGAIN!
YUH SHORE ARE A SIGHT
FER SORE EYES, CHUM!
YUH---

NEVER
MIND THE
BALONEY,
WHITEY
WHISKERS!

IF YUH OPINE I'M GOING
TO GIVE YUH SOME OF
THIS FISH, YO'RE JEST
WASTING YOKE
TIME!

(GULP)

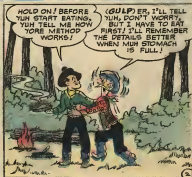
WHAT?! YUH MEAN TO
SAY YUH WON'T SHARE
YOKE CATCH WITH A
FELLER FISHERMAN?

HUH? YO'RE
A FELLER
FISHERMAN?

OF COURSE! DON'T YUH
KNOW---I'M THE GREATEST
FISHERMAN IN THE
WHOLE WEST!

IS THAT SO?
WAL, IN THAT
CASE---

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



SAGE- BRUSH

'AWEIGH WITH HIM!'



